New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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Governor Cox's Disclaimer

The fact that Governor Cox didn't write editorials which appeared in his newspaper in the "he-kept-us-out-of-war" period doesn't relieve him of responsibility for them. "The Dayton Daily News" published a series of articles which showed an extreme tenderness to the German cause. The same sentiment of friendliness to the Central Powers ran through all of them. Their author says that Governor Cox never made any protest against his work.

The Governor now explains that these editorials, setting forth so generously the innocuousness of Germany's cause, "appeared at a time when the feeling of the country was constantly fluctuating." The feeling of the country may have fluctuated, but there is no sign that the opinion of Mr. Cox's newspaper fluctuated. It was constant to one view and purpose.

As late as October 14, 1916, "The Daily News" was saying of the U-boat activities, which led directly to war between the United States and Germany: "Our skirts are clean as regards the activities of the German U-boats. They have committed no crime against us."

Yet the whole Lusitania, Arabic, Ancona and Sussex correspondence with the Central Powers was based on our government's contention that in pursuance of their unrestricted submarine warfare those powers had unlawfully taken the lives of American citizens. It was the Wilson Administration's claim at that time that it had successfully kept the country out of war because it had obtained the Arabic and Sussex pledges guaranteeing a restriction of U-boat activities to "cruiser warfare."

"The Dayton Daily News" went even further than Bernstorff, for he continually warned his government to avoid the activities which Governor Cox's newspaper dismissed as non-criminal.

On November 7, 1915, "The News" expressed the opinion: "Nor is a victory by Germany the worst thing that can happen." On December 15, 1916, it said: "Germany's peace proposal probably means the end of the war. . . . Both sides are willing to compromise unquestionably. God grant that the next arm lifted to wield a sword so foolishly may be paralyzed and that the brain be stopped from thinking before it conceives of war." Yet only eight weeks later Germany was forcing the United States to draw the sword in self-defense.

Mr. Cox may have made an active and conscientious war Governor. Yet he must deplore his complete failure to grasp the meaning of the quarrel between German autocracy and civilization. "But it is not our war," said his newspaper in October, 1916. That was a rash and hollow prophecy, soon to be refuted. Many people were deceived by Mr. Wilson's assurances that it was within his power to keep the country out of war, and many of them believed that we were being kept out to America's benefit. The unpardonable sin of the Cox newspaper editorials is that they betray so clearly a satisfaction that the United States was being kept out of war for Germany's benefit.

Dr. Tildsley, Teacher

The testimonial in Dr. Tildsley's behalf signed by twenty-one principals of high schools is eloquent confirmation of the high educational gifts of the Associate Superintendent of Schools.

It is upon the patriotic issue that the dispute has chiefly been waged, and rightly. The attack upon Dr. Tildsley was fostered by radicals and disloyalists, and if the Board of Education should finally refuse to reappoint him the triumph of pro-Germans and our local Bolsheviki would be great.

But it is for his merits as an educator, as a creator of living school processes and as an executive of complete fairness and peculiar discernment that Dr. Tildsley earned and deserves his position. He offers the rare combination of inspiring example and efficient direction. Through his personal efforts favoritism has been eliminated and merit established as the controlling principle of promotion in our school system. In addition he has been a force for creative teaching which cannot be overestimated.

It seems inconceivable in these circumstances that the Board of Education should longer delay the reappointment of Dr. Tildsley. Patriotism and the educational welfare of the city's schools unite in demanding a prompt and favorable decision.

Eugénie

Of the trio of unhappy empresses of the nineteenth century the career of Eugénie of France was by far the richest in color and romance, in brilliant lights and deep shadows. If there be tragedy in old age counting the endless days and hours of its own forlorn superfluity, brooding over the choices of youth which wisdom, mature and merciless, no longer blames on the blindness of impersonal destiny, hers was the most tragic fate of the three.

Elizabeth of Austria lost her only son in the unexplained tragedy of Mayerling. Bound by none but a formal tie to the husband whom she once had married for love, she sought escape from the gloom of her Wittelsbach mind in travel and in Heine's poetry, until the dagger of Luccheni opened the way to the final escape. The tragedy of Carlotta, after that frantic flight from court to court in search of help for her beloved Maximilian, was consummated on the morning when Aztec soldiers fired the fatal volley below the wall of Querétaro. From that moment her soul, if not her body, was dead. The castle of Bouchot may still house her earthly frame; her mind has found refuge from that unbearable haunting picture in the clement twilight of insanity.

Neither escape was granted to Eugénie de Montijo. She lived to taste death in life. "I have lived—I have been. I do not desire to be anything more, not even a memory. . . . I live, but I am no more—a shadow, a phantom, a grief which walks." No words more pathetic than these were ever uttered by one who has gained the highest prizes this world can yield.

Yet the test of a life is, after all, whether one would, if the choice were given, live it over again and pay the price once more. The chances are that Eugénie would not refuse. No heroine of romantic fiction ever was endowed by her Creator with a career so full of glory and romance and reward as was her life; no fairy tale has more wonders to offer than had her reality. The story of Cinderella looks pale and commonplace in comparison. With all the infinite sadness of her later years, in her heart of hearts she must have known that she had once been a happy woman.

The Disturber at Spa

Hugo Stinnes, who caused a couple of unpleasant scenes at Spa by his defiant talk and manners, is the super-millionaire of the New Germany. Before the war he was, perhaps, the leading iron and steel and coal magnate of the Rhine Province and Westphalia. In the war period and since he bought into shipping, electrical concerns, newspapers and other ventures. He has big investments in Holland as well as in Germany.

Stinnes was recently elected to the Reichstag. He is the most powerful individual in the republic. He came to Spa not as a delegate, but as the largest owner in the industries on whose operation the payment of the German reparations depends. He retains even in defeat the insufferable arrogance characteristic of the "robber barons" of the Rhineland, as Dr. Mühlon called them. He had to be rebuked at the very start by Chairman Delacroix for saying insultingly to the Allied representatives: "Any one who is not afflicted with the disease of victory"—— Yet, as Mühlon shows, these German steel and iron barons were themselves afflicted with a loathsome form of the disease of conquest and were already, in the fall of 1914, parceling out the natural resources of Belgium and Northeastern France.

In his book, "Germany After the Armistice," Lieutenant Maurice Berger, of the Belgian army, tells of an interesting interview he had with Stinnes in the spring of 1919. The Westphalian super-magnate is thus described: "He is a man of fifty years, of pronounced Semitic type, with hard features and stiff black hair." The Spa dispatches say that he now dresses very shabbily.

To Berger Herr Stinnes denied that Germany had brought on the war, had done any wrong in invading Belgium or had committed atrocities there. He criticized the unnecessary destruction of some Belgian factory equipment and the broadening of the civilian deportations. He blamed the war on France and Russia, and said it took both the German army and German industry "by surprise." It is a curious thing that Stinnes acquitted Great Britain of any blame for the war. That was because he was in England in July, 1914, on a business mission. "I was over there," he said, "three weeks before the war, concluding business agreements to which that country's adhesion would have been an absurdity if it had had any faith in the imminence of a war in which it would be personally involved."

Stinnes is still arrogant because he is completely unrepentant. He wants to scale down Germany's obligations. He says she can't meet them. But he told Berger in 1919: "With a suitable peace we shall recover soon enough. A few decades will suffice."

It isn't surprising that the Versailles peace doesn't entirely suit Stinnes. But he has more at stake than any other German in making the treaty work. And he is less excusable than any other German for introducing the old Prussian insolence into the discussions intended to put the treaty somehow into effect.

Governor Clement Stands Pat

There is precious little logic in Governor Clement's reasons for refusing to call his Legislature in special session to ratify the suffrage amendment. He talks of the Constitution, the freemen of Vermont and the right of self-government and seeks to reverse the Supreme Court of the United States in its decision rejecting the referendum provisions of state constitutions. But that decision is a literal application of the Federal Constitution, and the freemen of Vermont who fought under Ethan Allen made no objection to this clause when their state entered the Union in 1791, the first to be added to the new nation. The language of the Federal Constitution declares that an amendment shall be valid "when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several states." Governor Clement's kick is not against the Supreme Court, but against General Washington, James Madison and the others who drafted the Federal Constitution.

As a matter of fact, Governor Clement is simply giving some very poor reasons for being a very "sot" individual. But he is entirely within his rights, and the principle of state independence involved is a very important one. We gladly agree with Governor Clement that mere party expediency should not control. Vermont was perhaps the most democratic of all the New England states. It fought a lone hand in the Revolution and fought it very well. It is certainly entitled to its own opinion upon the ratification of the Federal amendment.

The pity is that a Governor who has no authority whatever to vote or pass upon such a Federal amendment should happen to be in a strategic position which prevents the ratifying authority, the Legislature, from assembling before its appointed date for this purpose. The Legislature is declared to be overwhelmingly for suffrage. When it does assemble in due course of time it will ratify the amendment and Governor Clement cannot lift a finger to stop it. He can only delay ratification. He cannot ultimately prevent it.

The Tribune greatly regrets Governor Clement's decision, which seems to be founded on bad logic and a serious conception of a Governor's responsibility in respect to Federal constitutional amendments. There remain Tennessee and North Carolina, and we hope greatly that the Democratic leaders of these states will show more open-mindedness than the Republican Governor of Vermont. Meantime how about the Republican Governor of Connecticut?

Senator Harding's Pencil Point

Unlike President Wilson, Senator Harding does not use a typewriter. He says that his thoughts flow more freely from the pencil point. It is, he adds, a "habit of thirty years, which most of the older school of newspaper men followed." It would be interesting to know how many of this older school have clung to tradition in the same fashion. In the earlier days of the typewriter there was a feeling that it was a poor medium for original composition. Would not the product of a machine be mechanical? Seasoned editorial writers, however illegible their handwriting, naturally resisted the innovation. Yet there must be fewer newspaper men now who do not prefer hammering the keys to holding the fountain pen.

The idea that the typewriter has a deteriorating influence on style is still prevalent. Many jokes were cracked at the expense of popular novelists who took to its use—they had become intellectual factory hands, so to say. The typewriter may be no more consciously mechanical than the pen, once its simple technique has been acquired. That many who have learned to use the typewriter still prefer the pen is a matter of personal instinct. Thus Senator Harding is obviously a careful writer, who is in no hurry to complete his task. The typewriter puts less of a check on fluency. There may be something symbolic in the fact that Mr. Harding uses the one and Mr. Wilson the other.

Three inventions within the memory of men still middle-aged have done more than any others to revolutionize newspaper routine—the typewriter, the telephone and the typesetting machine. But each advantage has its compensating disadvantage. Senator Harding expresses the hope that he will not be considered reactionary because he sticks to the old-fashioned way of writing. There is this to be said for his choice—that it leaves him an individuality which many writers still think worth preserving. Typewritten manuscript inevitably lacks the distinction of the personal touch. What is a letter from a friend, for example, unless it be in his own handwriting? Mr. Harding's correspondents will at least recognize a certain fine courtesy in his abstention from the typewriter.

The Spirit of Christ

Why it Need Not Include Sentimentality Toward Germany

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I wish to say, with all the deference that seems to be demanded, that such letters as that of Lydia E. Millington, in your issue of July 9, 1920, are calculated to give most persons a pain in what Pitti-Sing refers to as the cervical vertebræ.

One of my old teachers, the late Dr. Charles Garman, once wrote as follows: "Critics have noticed three stages in the development of human civilization. First: The let-alone policy; every man to look out for number one. This is the age of selfishness. Second: The opposite pole of thinking; every man to do somebody else's work for him. This is the dry rot of sentimentality that feeds tramps and enacts poor laws such as excite the indignation of Herbert Spencer. But the third stage is represented by our formula: Every man must render and receive the best possible service, except in the case of inequality, and there the strong must help the weak to help themselves; only on this condition is help given. This is the true interpretation of the life of Christ. On the first basis He would have remained in heaven and let the earth take care of itself. On the second basis He would have come to earth with His hands full of gold and silver treasures, satisfying every want that unfortunate humanity could have devised. But on the third basis He comes to earth in the form of a servant who is at the same time a master, commanding His disciples to take up their cross and follow Him. . . . He refuses to make the world wealthy, but He offers to help men make themselves wealthy with true riches which shall be a hundredfold more, even in this life, than that which was offered them by any former system."

Some of us tire, at times, of hearing the real spirit of Christ misrepresented by persons who have never progressed beyond the second basis described by Dr. Garman. And we especially tire of hearing it misrepresented so glibly in connection with the German nation of to-day.

I wish further simply the space to quote this poem, which appeared some time ago in "The New York Evening Sun" over the name of "Mary" (I regret that I cannot give more definite credit):

GERMANY ASKS FOR FOOD

Now they come to us and cry
"Give us food, or we shall die!
Out of your abundance give
That our little ones may live!"
With a whining beggar's plea,
"For the sake of charity!"

Children of the ravaged lands,
Shall we fill the German hands?
Shall we cut your bread in two,
Feeding those who tortured you?
But the children only moan
In a piteous monotone:

"Some of us are numb with fright,
Some of us are mad,
Some of us were killed outright—
Those may well be glad."

Ask that other little band,
Babies of our own dear land,
Trapped and drowned like rats, while *they*
Gave their children holiday;
Listen close, for it is far
To the places where they are!

"There is water everywhere,
Salt and bitter, too,
Choking out the kindly air;
Can we answer you?"

Christ, the King of Mercy, speak!
Must we grant them what they seek?
Must we break the children's bread,
Casting it to dogs instead?
Wouldst Thou not be pitiless
Past the thought of man to guess—
Thou who saidest, "Who offends
One of these, my little friends,
It were better he should drown,
With a stone to keep his down"?

Those who are constantly invoking the spirit of Christ, ought to familiarize themselves with that spirit sufficiently to know that Christ believed in a God of justice, with whose workings in the world not all the Millingtons can interfere.

GEORGE S. BRYAN.

Brookfield Center, Conn., July 9, 1920.

For a Third Party

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Mr. Caspar Whitney's letter in to-day's issue of your paper is typical of the attitude of the oldtimers. For the past twenty years they have been trying to clean things up inside the party, and this is how far they have come with it. More than anything else, it is the attitude of resigned compliance of these right thinking, honorable men like Mr. Whitney which has brought the country to the present pass. They have stood for the "party" and not for principle.

To defeat Senator Wadsworth is all well and good, and it will be done. But Senator Wadsworth's scalp is not enough. The country has something more important on hand than concentrating on the New York Senator.

As for "third parties," this discouragement talk comes a little strangely from Republicans proud of the origin of their party. I dare say the Whigs looked a little askance at the unauthorized group of men who met to take their stand against the spread of slavery in 1854. There is a party, already formed in 1912, which took its stand for the very things most of us, both Republicans and Democrats, stand for, because we are Americans—truer representative government and the moralization of political and industrial conditions. That party is the Progressive party. Theodore Roosevelt bolted in 1912, and he will be followed by the people of America in 1920. Let the people bolt to the Progressive party. Let them put up a man like Wood for President and a man like Senator Reed for Vice-President, both "stones rejected by the builders," to be the cornerstone of the new Americanism.

A PROGRESSIVE.

Brooklyn, July 7, 1920.

The Conning Tower

MARGARET

Upon her bed they found her dead,
Margaret of the sunny head.
Years oft allay all griefs, men say,
But old grief waxes day on day
In one heart that does not forget
Child Margaret.

Folk wonder why you flout the sky,
Oh, mother, with rebellious cry;
Why well-nigh scorn your later-born,
And hold a phantom night and morn;
Why cling to unrelieved regret
For Margaret.

It is for pride that God denied
When He recalled her to His side,
For fancies vain, ambitions slain,
Your selfish soul feels selfish pain:
What empty dreams of yours were met
In Margaret!

What she should wear was your chief care,
What moneyed mate some day ensnare.
God was not mocked; so, angel-frocked
And laughing-eyed and sunny-locked,
Ingenuous and unbartered yet
Is Margaret.

AGRICOLA STRONG.

According to the photographs of Governor Cox's house, it is a porchless affair, and it will be more or less come-down for the owner of such a dwelling to move to the Executive Mansion.

Unless these old eyes deceive us, the car standing in front of Governor Cox's "Trail's End" is the same brand as our own Juggernaut of Joy. If it is, we hereby bolt the Republican and Socialist parties.

Governor Cox's challenge is to "any gentleman on God's footstool," and for omitting the hue of the footstool he stamps himself as an original candidate.

The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys

July 9—In my petrol-waggon to the office, where all day at work, but wearily. Stopped for H. Harrison, the charade-player, and he and I with M. Glass to dinner, very fine, of clams and chicken and a cantaloup filled with strawberry ice cream, and so to Mistress Alice Sullivan's to see our cat, who is no less playful than he was. So home, early, and to bed, and finished reading R. Hughes's "What's the World Coming To?" and was struck with the true historical value of the book.

10—Up at five, and M. Pemberton met me and we to Sheffield, Mass., in my petrol-waggon, through a fair green country, and met my wife there, the best I have seen her in two years, and we called on W. Eaton, who hath the fairest garden ever I saw anywhere, and he told me a story or asked me whether I had heard the story of the Scotchman who had overpayed his caddy. No, quoth I. Well, he said, you never will.

11—Up, and breakfast at Mistress Helen's, and played some lawn tennis with E. Saxton, and so to dinner, and then with my wife to Stockbridge, and I taking leave of her, and regretfully, too; and to Sheffield again and M. Pemberton and I driving home pleasantly and without mishap and so to bed before ten.

12—Up early, and to the office, and there all day, and late to Woodmere to the courts.

Turning, as we were the other night, to matters of moment, let the question of a firefly's diet be discussed. It is Sally's notion that fireflies subsist on some light food. "Currents," we offered. Hildegarde is certain that lampreys, with a salad of bulbs, nourish them.

As to their tipple, it is incontrovertible that they get lit up on firewater. Or luminade.

First Lines From "The Bab Ballads"

At a pleasant evening party I had taken down to supper
A tar, but poorly prized.

* * *

Babette she was a fisher gal
Bedecked in fashion trim.

* * *

Mr. Blake was a regular out-and-out hardened sinner
My boy, you may take it from me.

* * *

Oh! little maid!—I do not know your name.
Oh! my name is John Wellington Wells.

* * *

Old Peter led a wretched life
On all Arcadia's sunny plain.

A perfect sport is Mr. Wade H. Hayes, who incloses 5 francs in payment of a bet made at Chaumont two years ago, adding a ticket for 100 grammes de pain. "Speaking of memory," writes Col. Hayes, "yours isn't so good. You seem to forget the patience, time and effort I devoted to teaching you that spurs are spurs and are not commonly used as anti-skid chains."

"In fact," Prof. Brander Matthews says, in the New York Times Book Review, "Locker once said to me, 'I don't know any one who has used it successfully—except Holmes and I.'" If Locker said that to Prof. Matthews, our worship of him is qualified; if Prof. Matthews makes him say it, our veneration for Prof. Matthews is maculate.

"Speaking of Mr. Lawrence Perry's story," postcards Baron Ireland, "I notice he makes his heroine a 'resilient' girl. She has been, doubtless, a bouncing baby."

It will be just our luck to have the world end on August 4, as the Maine prophet forecasts, right in the middle of our vacation.

The Rev. John Roach Straton may be glad to learn that the stores are helping him appeal to virtue. Wanamaker's advertises "Very Good Men's Union Suits."

The Atlantic City chair pushers at the hour of galumphing to press still are on strike; and we of the leisure class are disconsolate.

What'll we do if the glass cornucopia makers walk out?

F. P. A.

LOOK WHAT'S COME TO JOIN OUR POLITICAL HOUSEHOLD

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Game and the Farmer

Why the State Should Protect Them From the Hunter

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The greatest need of the present time is a better understanding between cities and the country, or, rather, between the residents of cities and the residents of the country. This better understanding can be brought about by legislation that is not discriminatory but on the broad basis of equal and just consideration of all interests.

One of the things that cause much resentment to the owners and occupyers of farm land is the present wild game laws, which the farmers will ask the next Legislature to amend so as the better to recognize the land owners' rights. For instance, the law that compels a land owner to post his lands and to protect himself against trespassers is unjust, un-American and an insult to the land owner, causing him unjust trouble and expense in protecting himself. The state is in honor and duty bound to post lands, and the state should protect a land owner in his rights. Any one going upon such land without express permission of the owner commits trespass, and the act should be so construed, and the party thus trespassing should be held responsible, first, in the penal law of trespass, and, second, for all damage caused by such trespass. The posting of lands in itself is no protection to the owner, for such notices are frequently and wantonly destroyed, and then the owner becomes helpless under the law.

This law should be immediately repealed, and the farmers of the state are going to ask, with all the emphasis at their command, for its repeal, and we ask that in the name of fair play the city papers and city residents join with us in the action for its repeal.

The farmer asks that a person who wishes to go upon another's land for hunting or fishing should first obtain the owner's consent, for the land is the owner's domain and should be preserved to him in full.

The conservation laws are perhaps just and necessary for the preservation of game, but why preserve the game if the one who feeds it and raises it on his own land has less opportunity to enjoy it than the ruthless hunter who comes out from town and, regardless of the farmer's first right to it, runs over his lands and generally conducts himself in a way that ignores the rights of the owner? The deer under conservation laws are protected on the farm, and while feeding them the farmer must sit quietly by and see his crops destroyed, the gormandizing pheasant pull his corn and feed upon his wheat in shock, even coming into his barnyard and robbing his poultry of their feed and occupying his hen house. There are also the unsavory skunk, which marauds the hen roost and takes the eggs and kills the young chickens, and the rabbits, which ruin young orchards. Yet in the name of conservation the farmer must sit still and see all this destruction going on and not be permitted to raise a hand to preserve his own. It is not necessary to maintain wild game conditions on tillable lands, and it should not be allowed, and the state must take measures to protect the farmer in his natural rights. The sportaman should be sportsman enough to expect game only on wild lands.

The farmer should be fully protected against trespass and interference with his crops and stock, and no hunter should be permitted to enter tillable land without the consent of the owner. The farmer should also be permitted to take such action with respect to wild game animals or birds as will protect his crops.

These are a few of the rambling thoughts that enter into my mind now, but they lead to the necessary legislation that we are going to ask from the next Legislature, and we trust that the broad-mindedness of The Tribune will lead it to see the justice of our appeal and help in this movement.

W. N. GILES,
Master New York State Grange,
P. of H.

Skaneateles, N. Y., July 8, 1920.

"Formidable"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your editorial entitled "Formidable" compels attention. It hits the nail squarely on the head. Moreover, it is timely. The Republican party needs unalloyed advice. Its cancer of "overconfidence" needs the surgeon's knife. The results of its overconfidence in 1916 are well known. It certainly ought to have learnt its lesson by this. Nothing but an acutely defensive aggressive campaign will puncture one of the ablest Democratic tickets within the memory of man—the Cox-Roosevelt ticket. My wife told me, on returning from a local theater last Monday, that when the pictures of Harding and Coolidge were thrown on the screen there was not even as much as a motion of the finger. It is because I, as a young Republican, want to se the Harding-Coolidge ticket win next November that I am gravely concerned about the apparent inertia and cocksureness among Republicans.

URIAH N. MURRAY.

Boston, Mass., July 9, 1920.

The Two Reasons

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Mr. Caspar Whitney has started something. I am in the same boat as he is, and expect to handle the situation in the same way.

We do not want Jimmy Wadsworth for Senator after his betrayal of the majority of New York Republicans by not voting for General Wood at Chicago. However, if the ineffective methods we seem obliged to work under at present cannot prevent his nomination for the New York Senatorship, it would be a fool's trick to vote for a Democrat.

There are just two reasons why I shall vote the Republican ticket next autumn:

1. The Republican party.
2. The Democratic party.

I hope soon to have a third strong reason, namely, Warren G. Harding.

TURNER LOW,

New York, July 8, 1920.

A Place for Coolidge

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have been reading in "The Digest" what you and other leading Eastern papers are saying about Governor Coolidge. You are right. A place should be found for him, that we may get the benefit of his talents.

Big men seem to be scarce. For God's sake let us get the benefit of those we have. I, and I believe thousands of others, would like to see you and other great papers of the country advocate a constitutional amendment making the Vice-President an active member of the Cabinet. Then you will have something to offer a big man. Big men will be looking for it, and the President can't get away from him if he should happen to be like Mr. Wilson and want to be the only shining light of the Administration.

D. K. BUTLER.

Portland, Ore., July 4, 1920.

The New Proverb

(From The Baltimore Sun)

Of course, blood is thicker than water, but it remains to be seen whether it is thicker than oil.

"Blowing Into the Gun"

One American Who Has Wearied of Irish Propaganda

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The editorial in yesterday morning's Tribune, "Blowing Into the Gun," is one of the most timely articles I have noticed on The Tribune's or any other New York newspaper's editorial page for a long time. And it has given me pleasure to hear several people speak complimentarily of it.

While there are doubtless a great many good Americans who believe Ireland's cause a worthy one, there are also several million of us who cannot feel it one that should become a national issue in our Presidential elections. And when it develops into such importance that Irish societies will send resolutions to political platform committees threatening to combine their strength to oppose a party's candidate unless certain measures or planks are inserted in that party's platform it is time that serious attention is paid to the matter.

When a people designate themselves by the nationality of their foreign ancestors instead of calling themselves Americans, and become so influential as powerful that they can dictate party platforms and policies and control our elections by threats and coercion, it is time for Americans to rub their eyes and wake up.

It is growing monotonous and distasteful to many genuine 100 per cent Americans to have it everlastingly dinned into their ears what great things the Irish have done for America, but never to hear what benefits the Irish have derived by making their home in America. Truly, if there is a race in the world that likes to "blow its own horn" it is the Irish. A certain type of this race are always Irish. It makes no difference if their ancestors have been in America for three of four generations, they are still Irish, never Americans. Especially is this true of those whose hatred of the British is the most bitter. The fact seems to be overlooked that most of us Americans are of English extraction, and a criticism of the English is a criticism of our own ancestors.

As great as some of the Irish believe their race to be, I who have both English and Irish blood in my veins am no prouder of the latter than I am of the former. A woman friend of mine often says that if she knew there was a drop of English blood in her veins she would cut it out. Somehow I cannot feel that way about it. I cannot feel ashamed to have the blood of the same race course through my veins that flowed through the veins of Shakespeare, Milton, William Pitt, Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln and later Woodrow Wilson.

But we have also had at least two Presidents that were directly of Irish descent—Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk. At this date no one should be ashamed of them. They were such that any one could feel proud to claim relationship of nationality. Their ancestors were of that sturdy, industrious stock of Presbyterian Irish, who emigrated to America early in the eighteenth century, and who became patriotic Americans and took a prominent part in the early history and development of our country.

Allow me to thank you for the editorial mentioned. I am glad to know that New York City has yet at least one newspaper that is fearless enough to stand up for America, regardless of any race that considers the welfare of the United States secondary to some other country.

LEILA F. BAILEY.

Brooklyn, July 7, 1920.